

RALEIGH REGISTER

AND NORTH-CAROLINA GAZETTE.

"OURS ARE THE PLANS OF FAIR DELIGHTFUL PEACE, UNWARD'S BY FAIR TO LIVE LIKE BROTHERS"

VOLUME XXXV.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1883.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY,
By Joseph Gates & Son.

TERMS.

Three Dollars per annum; one half in advance. Those who do not, either at the time of subscribing or subsequently, give notice of their wish to have the paper discontinued at the expiration of the year, will be presumed as desiring its continuance until countermanded.

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Not exceeding sixteen lines, will be inserted three times for a dollar; and twenty-five cents for each subsequent publication: those of greater length, in proportion. If the number of insertions be not marked on them, they will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

A FOREST FOUNDLING.

Adverse as we are to the practice of spicing on any little local incident and rendering it the subject of embellished detail, yet we occasionally hear of occurrences so touching and pathetic in their nature as to awaken our sympathies, and interest us in their narration. Of such a nature is that which we now present to the reader.

Mr. Charles Bearghan left the north-east part of this Province a short time ago, and took what is called the upper road from Fredericton to St. Stephens, on his way to the United States. On the 5th August he passed the thriving village at Hart's Mills, on the Rushagons, very early in the morning, and expected to reach Trew's tavern, at the Piskabagan, by night. Properly equipped for the woods, furnished with suitable provisions, his blanket, his axe slung behind, and his gun on his shoulder, he trudged gaily along until he arrived at Shin creek which is unbridged, and was at that time much swoln with late rains. A woodman seldom hesitates at such obstacles; he proceeded up the bank of the stream, and set about felling a tree across it, to serve as a temporary bridge; it swung aside in falling, and launching into deep water, it moved away majestically down the stream. Our traveller "looked and looked, and wist not what to do." He was not inclined to resume the axe; and therefore resolved to proceed up stream, in hopes of finding a favorable place for crossing. At length he arrived at one of those placid-looking pools which form deep stretches in our rivers, and are generally termed still-water places. Here he made a kind of raft sufficient to bear up his clothes and gun, and keep them dry, while he swam over, and drew them after him. He was soon busily engaged in rehabilitating his limbs, and refreshing himself with a bit of biscuit, seated on a flowery margin of a natural meadow, which extended along the banks of a stream, when his ear was startled by a whining noise resembling the sounds frequently uttered by young bears. He instantly seized his gun, examined the touchhole and re-primed, then clapping a ball into the barrel,

He stole cautiously towards the spot from whence the sounds issued. They were no longer uttered, but he now and then heard a crackling noise among the underbrush, and perceived a twitching motion of the twig and spray, but could not discover what caused them. Convinced, however, that he had some animal to encounter, his gun was at his shoulder, and his finger on the trigger. He then silently reasoned with himself whether or not he should fire at random, but experience cautioned him against so rash an action, for no animal is more furious than a wounded bear. As thus he mused, his eyes became suddenly dilated, his heart throbbled violently, he raised himself erect, and let the butt of his gun drop quickly to the ground! What did he see? What did he gaze at? Behold! among the raspberry bushes—and seen through the interstices of their many twinkling leaves of dewy green—behold! he sees a beautiful infantile arm fitfully stretched out, and little taper fingers plucking the rich, ripe, crimson fruit.

After he had experienced the first flush of the mingled emotions of surprise at the extraordinary sight—of horror at the bare idea of his gun and his intended act—and of pleasure in the expectation of meeting society in these deep and solemn solitudes, our traveller advanced, and beheld a little girl about seven years old, sedulously engaged in pulling and eating of the abundant wild berries which were spread in great variety over that naturally rich and verdant spot. She appeared to be an interesting child; her clothes had a respectable look, albeit they were most woefully rent and worn; her hair played in disordered ringlets over her cheek, which was begrimed and pale, and her soft blue eyes were red with weeping. She burst out in high hysterical wailings, which sunk suddenly into convulsive sobs.

The traveller was lost in utter amazement, and harnessed aloud, to attract the child's attention. Alarmed, in her turn, at his appearance, half-habituated as she was, she screamed—fled a few steps—fell, and covered her face with her hands. He

was quickly by her side, and used the kindest and most soothing expressions to gain her confidence and calm her fears. She had fallen more from bodily weakness than from fear, although she had been greatly alarmed at the unexpected appearance of the stranger. At length she ventured to look up, and, with a sweet but languid smile, said, slowly and faintly, "O now—I am sure you won't hurt me—I am very sure you will not kill me." "Kill you! God forbid," was the full-hearted reply. "O I am very tired—I've been very, very hungry; but I got plenty raspberries here—I only eat the good ones; I never take them as have the spiders on 'em; mother bid me not to." "Where is your mother, my dear child?" eagerly inquired the traveller; and he was answered, with the greatest simplicity, "she's at home, sir, I guess—but mam don't know where I be—I can't find out the way home ever so long." "What! my child, have you strayed, and are lost? Come to that flowery knoll with me. God has sent me to preserve your life. Come and I will give you some nice biscuit, and a bit of meat. You are weak and worn, but I will take care of you." The poor innocent's soul burst forth in a flood of grateful tears, not attended with that hysterical affection which she had lately suffered. She derived great relief from weeping, and prepared to follow her new benefactor, but the excitement she had just experienced, acting on her sensitive, delicate, and exhausted frame, had shaken every nerve, and completely prostrated her strength. She was unable to walk, but the kind and generous Bearghan carried her to the bank of the river, where he had left his little store, and judiciously regaled her with spare and gradual portions of food.

As soon as she was moderately refreshed, her artless answers to his inquiries informed him that her name was LYDIA HARPER; her parents live near Hart's Mills; she had been sent with dinner to her father, who was making shingles a little way in the woods, but missed the right track, got bewildered, and wandered astray. "When I knew I was lost," she said, "O I was very frightened—I screamed, and ran about, and threw away father's dinner." It appears that she walked the first night until she sank down, nearly stupefied with fatigue. The traveller asked if she was not afraid when it grew dark, as she was all alone and lost in the woods; to which she replied, "I was a kind of frightened all the time; but when I lay down I said my prayers, that mam learnt me, and then I wasn't frightened." "Do you remember the prayer?" "O I do, sir, it is: I will lay me down in peace, and take my rest; for it is thou, Lord, only that makest me to dwell in safety; and into thy hands I recommend my spirit, my soul, and my body; for thou hast redeemed me, O Lord, thou God of truth! Amen."

Mr. Bearghan next began to consider how the child was to be brought along. He was sixteen miles past her father's, and his business would not allow him to return; he was about twelve miles from Trew's, and no house between. The child was unable to walk; he rigged out a contrivance by means of his blanket, and carried her forward on his back. The delightful consciousness of performing a good action buoyed up his spirits and nerved his frame, and he beguiled the rigor of his laborious task by the prattle of his little foundling, who had now become more sprightly and free.

As he journeyed along, he inquired if she had seen any wild beasts in the woods; and she answered "No, I did not—only once—two black dogs were coming to me—they were not Mr. Burpe's dogs—they stooped, and one stood up on its hind feet—they didn't bark, but runned away again." Our traveller smiled at the child's simplicity, while she continued to say—"O sir, last night—O when I awoke in the middle of the night, O how glad I was! I thought I was close to home, for I heard the cattle trampling about me. I could not see nothing; none of them had bells—and when I called Star and Bright, they lay still. O, I was glad, and my heart was beating and beating—I lay very still, too, to listen; and so I just dropt away asleep again. Wasn't it a pity, they were all gone in the morning." "Providence seems to have defended you in an especial manner, my child, against hidden dangers and death," said the traveller.

Having carried his helpless charge until daylight was gone, his fatigue was increased by the difficulty of walking on an almost trackless road in the dark, and the moon did not rise until near ten o'clock. At length he arrived at a deserted log hut, within two miles of Trew's, and almost exhausted, he determined to make a short stoppage to recruit. Here he thought to leave the child, wrapped in his blanket, whilst he should hurry on, and send back immediate relief. He struck a light, partook of some refreshments with her, but found great difficulty in getting her to consent to remain behind. After he had prepared a pretty comfortable bed for her, and placed her snugly in it, he sat down to watch until she should fall asleep. The moon had

just risen, and before he started, he gently approached the child, to find if she were perfectly composed; he held the light towards her, she opened her blue eyes full upon him, averted her head, and sobbed. "No!" exclaimed the traveller, "By all that's sacred, I swear I will not leave you behind!" He forthwith slung his axe and his gun, resumed his former equipment, raised little Lydia from her lonely couch, and carried her safely to the long-looked-for house of entertainment. Although it was quite late, Capt. Josiah Trew was easily roused to admit the toil-worn traveller and his little companion, who now stood beside him at the threshold; for something told him that it was more seemly that she should walk than be carried into the house. He had also tied a handkerchief under her chin, in the fashion of a gipsy-head dress.

They were soon placed by a comfortable fire in a good house, well-stored, and blessed with a hearty and hospitable landlord. The females, as is the custom of the country, were speedily afoot, and busy preparing the required repast. We fancy we can see the north-lit countenance of facetious Josiah beaming with downright exultation, as he issued his multilarious orders for every viand the house could afford to comfort the wearied travellers. We can also fancy that we see his features overclouded and his eye-glistening with genuine feeling as he related that the whole country side had been up and in search of a child lost in the woods; that parties had gone in all directions, but unhappily without success and that one of the people, deeply distressed on the occasion, was now in the house. Our traveller immediately exclaimed that Providence had made him the happy instrument of recovering the lost child, who now sat before them.—Every one flew round the little girl, examined and fondled her, and vented exclamations of amazement and satisfaction. During this sudden bustle, a person from the adjoining chamber rushed wildly in among the company, snatched the hand of little Lydia, gazed on her for a moment, then clasped her to his bosom. It was her father!

What a scene was here! what an overflowing of the finest feelings which adorn humanity! what a gratifying interchange of those pure affections which spring from sincerity and truth! But what tongue can tell, what pen portray the varied emotions which flitted in rapid succession through the minds of that painfully happy group! The half-frantic joy and gratitude of the parent—the wandering fits of the enfeebled little sufferer—the conscious self-satisfaction of the deliverer—the officious but sincere congratulations of the excited inmates—must all be estimated by the susceptibility of the reader. The beautiful train of circumstances which Providence employed in this affecting story is worthy of serious consideration. If the traveller had passed Hart's Mills when the people were stirring abroad; if Shin creek had been bridged; if the tree had fallen across; if he had no gun when he thought a bear was by—if these facts had happened, the child might have perished.—Standard.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CRIMINAL TRIAL.

From the Niagara Courier, of Sept. 3.

At the Court of Oyer and Terminer, held in this village last week, Judge Gardner presiding, an indictment pending against Pierpont Baker, for Perjury, was disposed of—the Jury finding him guilty. When the Jury came in with their verdict, however, the bird was flown! The prisoner, judging pretty accurately what his fate would be at their hands, departed the Court without leave, while the jurors were out, and has not since been heard of.

The foregoing case excited considerable interest in this quarter, from its great peculiarity. It was indeed a very strange one; and we much doubt whether the criminal records of the State can show its parallel. We have taken very full minutes of the testimony, and shall publish our report in a short time. At present we deem a brief notice of the affair sufficient.

In March, 1883, a complaint was preferred by Mr. J. Price, jun. of this village, against Baker, for perjury, in making a certain affidavit before the Surrogate of Erie county. An indictment was found against Baker of that county, on which he was tried at Buffalo in June following.—Previous to the coming on of this trial, however, Baker, it would seem, deemed it necessary to his escape from conviction to counteract the testimony of Price; and accordingly, on the night of Sunday, 14th April, he procured the attendance of three persons in a back bedroom attached to his office, for the purpose of hearing a conversation which he stated to them he expected would take place between him and Price that evening, while a fourth person was stationed in the street to identify him as he came to and returned from Baker's office. In a few minutes after these persons were thus stationed, Baker came into his office, in which there was no light, and was followed by another per-

son, who the concealed witnesses supposed from his voice to be Price. A conversation in a low tone was then held between them, near a window that separated the two rooms, which went entirely to exclude Baker, and the parties separated.—On the trial at Buffalo, Price was closely questioned as to the holding of this conversation, but he solemnly denied all knowledge of or participation in it, and repeatedly and firmly protested that he was not at Baker's office at the evening of the 14th April, nor at any time subsequently to the finding of the indictment in the preceding March. Baker then introduced the witnesses who heard the conversation, who unhesitatingly declared that they had no doubt that the individual who responded to the defendant was Price—the watchman in the street also testifying that he saw a man, muffled in a cloak, enter and depart from the office, who he was somewhat positive was Price. Baker was acquitted, and immediately followed up his acquittal by commencing a suit against Price for a malicious prosecution.

Justly alarmed by the strange turn which the affair had taken, and conscious that some deep and cunning had been practised, Mr. Price, on his return to Lockport, caused the individual who had sworn so positively to his identity, through the aid of a full star-light and reflection of a candle from the opposite side of the street, to be arrested for a conspiracy, &c. In the course of the investigation which ensued, Baker was examined as a witness, and testified that Price was in his office on the 14th April. In the progress of these proceedings, however, information was by mere chance obtained through a bystander, that one Pardon Case, who resided about 15 miles from Lockport, near the Tonawanda feeder, might know something about the transaction. He was accordingly brought up as a witness, and being closely interrogated, he at length confessed that he had, at Baker's request, personated Price on the said 14th of April; that he held with Baker, at his office, the conversation overheard by the persons in the back-room, it having been previously agreed on between them; that Baker gave him a cloak and hat to put on, (which were similar to those then worn by Price, as appeared at a subsequent stage of the trial) that he might be disguised, and bear a greater resemblance to Price; and that after leaving the office, he went, by direction of Baker, to Price's gate, which he opened and shut, &c. These facts having been submitted to grand jury, Baker was again indicted for perjury, in August or September of last year—was tried at the last April Oyer and Terminer, when the jury disagreed—was subsequently at the August term (last week), when he was found guilty, as before stated.

On the several trials in this county, Mr. Price—who has acted through the whole transaction the part of a good citizen—was happily able to show, by the testimony of three members of his family (who had the most certain means of fixing the time), that he was not out of his house on the 14th of April, from before sunset till after ten at night, when he went to bed—thus showing conclusively, in the absence of all other testimony, that he could not have been at Baker's office at the hour specified—between 8 and 10 o'clock. The testimony of Case was also strongly corroborated, so as not to leave a shadow of doubt as to its correctness in the main. Many witnesses were also examined as to other points of the case, and some contradictory evidence given; but the main facts were clearly and satisfactorily established; and they exhibit such a dark picture of premeditated crime on the part of Baker, as to be truly appalling. What adds to his audacious recklessness of crime is the circumstance, that after all the foregoing facts had been elicited, he still had the temerity and impudence to go before a grand jury and prefer a charge of perjury against Mr. Price—repeating his oath, that he was at his office on the night of the 14th April! For this repeated perjury, an indictment is pending against him—as is one for forgery, also growing out of his desperate efforts to criminate others!

A reward of three hundred dollars has been offered for BAKER by the Sheriff of this county; and Editors generally would render a service to the public by making it known. No community in which he may take up his residence will be safe, so long as he may remain in it, should any opportunity offer in which the committing of crime would be of benefit to him. The peace of society, therefore, requires that this criminal should not be permitted to run at large. He is a Lawyer by profession, is from 30 to 34 years of age, about 6 feet high, somewhat slender made, round shouldered, dark sailor's complexion, long visage, prominent nose, high cheek bones, dark hazel eyes, the expression of which is bad, straight black hair, stoops somewhat when standing or walking, and when conversing wears a forced or unnatural smile on his countenance.—With his description, few can mistake the man. It may also be well here to add that he was a short time since an Editor of a Newspaper in this place, and as such obtained some notoriety.

POLICE OFFICE.

A BROKER IS BOUND.

William Marks, broker of 92 Park row, was brought up, for the first time in a fortnight, for being a "leech" the most drunk of any man we have seen these six months. When put to the bar, he gave a peculiarly penetrating look at Justice Wymann through a pair of "large, dark and dreary" not to say drunken eyes, as much as to say,

We have met—is even so.
And 'twas then you did commit me;
And I now should like to go—
That is, if you'll permit me.

But not to anticipate, we will state what passed on the occasion:

Judge.—Well, Marks, I am sorry to see you here again.

Marks.—Not more so, Judge, than I am to be the subject of your sorrow.

Judge.—Why is it that you will so frequently get in liquor?

Marks.—It would be more reasonable if you were to ask why liquor will so frequently get into me.

Judge.—Why, it is scarcely a week since you last signed a bond for your better behaviour.

Marks.—Very true; but I've signed many bonds since then. Besides, bonds of all kinds are now at a great discount, and it's therefore too much to expect that mine should be at par. Besides, I am now under bonds of betrothment to a young lady, who will cancel her contract if she hears of this scrape.

Judge.—Well, have you any money to pay your fine?

Marks.—In fine, Judge, I have not.

Judge.—Then I must be under the painful necessity of committing you.

Marks.—I am sorry that you should be put to any pain on my account, and therefore hope that you will not invest my bankrupt body in Captain Swain's miscellaneous stock, for he is the most ungalant swain to man or woman I ever met with.

Judge.—You say you are without funds, and yet you venture to speculate in the bonds of Wymann—that smack of a misnomer.

Marks.—It's a different miss from Miss Nomer that I mean to smack, if I don't miss my mark. (Miss Mark is the name of the young lady to whom he is betrothed.)

Judge.—Well, I'll let you go this time, but if you get so severely shot in the neck as you were last night, you'll be very apt to shoot over the mark. Now go, and don't let the hear of your honoring any more drafts upon the run bottle, or at least let them be of a smaller amount than hitherto.

Marks.—I had the misfortune to receive a classic education, sir, and my old prejudices still cling to me.

"That shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
But drinking largely sobers us again."

And as we are not likely to agree upon this difficult point, we'll agree to differ, and I'll cut short the controversy by cutting my stick.

Marks.—(who was once a respectable broker in Wall st.) then politely bowed to the Magistrate, walked out of the office, and walked into the first rum hole he saw.

VISIT TO AN INDIAN MOUND.

The following interesting particulars are from the Portsmouth Journal, received at that place by Dr. Durkee, from his brother, dated at Jacksonville, East Florida, in June last:—

A few days since, I took with me two young slaves, furnished by a friend for the purpose of visiting an ancient Indian Mound on the St. John's River, 12 miles below Jacksonville. It stands on a conical bluff, 50 feet high, and containing about two acres, skirted on the east side by the river. The mound is circular—covering one third of an acre, and rising like a dome from the bluff to the height of 50 feet, so that the summit of the mound cannot be much short of 100 feet from the river. It is thickly covered with trees and shrubbery from the largest live oak, which is an evergreen, to the beautiful hawthorn and the aromatic myrtle, all of which are filled with moss pendant from the branches, and imparting a dark and melancholy air to this mausoleum of the dead.

Thus it seems that nature does not blush to mourn for these children of the forest, although they have been persecuted, despised, abused, destroyed, hunted down, and extirpated by the all-conquering genius of civilization. About one fourth of the bluff and mound has been undermined and washed away by the constant friction and dashing of the river, and the time will come when the whole pile will be completely submerged beneath the water. On the side adjacent to the water, human skulls, trunks and limbs of all sizes, from the helpless infant to the strong warrior who once glories in his prowess, may be seen projecting out in a horizontal position, and supporting the superincumbent earth. Many of the bones

were in a good state of preservation, notwithstanding the unknown centuries which have elapsed since they were here deposited, and I succeeded in tracing out several skeletons nearly entire, without difficulty. The manner in which the mound was formed is this:—The original bluff, which is composed principally of sand and clay, was excavated about fifteen feet in depth, and over a sufficient area to form the base of the mound. After the dead bodies were then arranged on the bottom, and covered over with a stratum of earth in a similar manner until this stratum reached the surface of the natural bluff. Thus the mound continues to the distance of about forty feet above the bluff, gradually tapering till you reach the summit. Over the whole is a stratum of oyster shells very regularly arranged, and about twenty inches in thickness. The upper surface of these shells is covered with a layer of earth fifteen inches deep. Whether this last deposit was made by the hand of time or of man, is impossible to decide. The trees which spread their branches over this sepulchral spot, and which add not a little to its antique and solemn appearance, are undoubtedly of spontaneous growth. On digging a few feet into the mound, I found that every skeleton was surrounded by earth of a deep florid tinge. This was uniformly the case, and the peculiar tint I believe, must have been derived from the iron contained in the blood, but not mixed with the soil, &c. These bodies must have been ages and ages accumulating, and perhaps ten times as many ages have passed away since the last burial took place. I found here one head made of bone, half an inch long, and so are of stone the most beautiful I ever saw, although similar in other respects to the same aboriginal utensil found in many parts of New England. No person living in this section of country can give any account, either historical or traditional, respecting these interesting monuments of savage life, or rather I should say, of the savage dead.

RAIL ROAD TRAVELLING IN ENGLAND.

Although the whole passage between Liverpool and Manchester is a series of enchantments, surpassing any in the Arabian Nights, because they are realities, not fictitious, yet there are certain epochs in the transit which are peculiarly striking. These are the startings, the ascents, the descents, the tunnels, the Chat Moss, the meetings. At the moment of starting, or rather before, the automaton belches forth an explosion of steam, and seems, for a second or two, quiescent. But quickly the explosions are reiterated, with shorter and shorter intervals, till they become too rapid to be counted, though still distinct. Those belchings or explosions more nearly resemble the pantings of a lion or tiger, than any sound that has ever vibrated on my ear. During the ascent they become slower and slower, till the automaton actually labors like an animal out of breath, from the tremendous effort to gain the highest points of elevation. The progression is proportionate; and before the said point is gained, the train is not moving faster than a horse can pace. With the slow motion of the mighty and animated machine, and the breathing becomes more laborious the growl more distinct, till at length, the animal appears exhausted, and groans like the tiger when nearly overpowered in combat by the buffalo.

The moment that the height is reached and the descent commences, the pantings rapidly increase; the engine, with its train, starts off with augmenting velocity; and in a few seconds it is flying down the declivity like lightning, and with a uniform growl or roar, like a continuous discharge of a distant artillery. At this period, the whole train is going at the rate of thirty five or forty miles an hour! I was on the outside, and in front of the first carriage, just over the engine. The scene was magnificent I had almost said terrific. Although it was a dead calm, the wind appeared to be blowing a hurricane, such was the velocity with which we darted through the air. It was steady; and there was something in the precision of the machinery that inspired a degree of confidence over fear—of safety over danger. A man may travel from the Pole to the Equator, from the Straits of Malacca to the Isthmus of Suez, and he will see nothing so astonishing as this. The pangs of Etna and Vesuvius excite feelings of horror as well as of terror; the convulsion of the elements during a thunder storm carries with it nothing but pride, much less of pleasure, to counteract the awe inspired by the fearful workings of perturbed nature; but the scene which is here presented, and which I cannot adequately describe, engenders a proud consciousness of superiority in human ingenuity, more intense and convincing than any effort or product of the poet, the painter, the philosopher, or the divine. The projections of the train through the tunnels or arches, are very electrifying.—The deafening peal of thunder, the sudden emersion in gloom, and the clash of reverberated sounds in confined space combine to produce a momentary and